

KITTY'S HUSBAND

By Author of "Hetty," Etc.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)
"Arthur St. John—alias Leslie—something else, no doubt, nowadays. He looked like a man of fifty. But I knew him; I knew him almost in a moment."

"You couldn't be sure," I said doubtfully.
Meg smiled, but did not contradict me. But the smile was eloquent—it desisted my folly.

"I had gone down stairs early," Meg continued, leaning back in her chair, and pushing her hair from her brow, with a nervous impatient little gesture. "It's not my way to get up early, is it? But I was restless, I couldn't sleep, and I thought I should find a novel if I went down stairs. The servants weren't moving; but there was a fire in the study. The blinds were all down, but the fire looked cosy; I went in and stood before it and warmed my toes. I dare say I was looking untidy, Kitty; I think he took me for an early housemaid; he came into the room quietly, and came up behind me, and—ah! he kissed me, Kitty. I hadn't heard any one come in, and I nearly screamed. But as I turned my head round quickly I saw his eyes, and I knew him, and I didn't scream—I was too frightened to move or make a sound."

"Go on, Meg."
"Then all at once John called to him from the passage. He called in a very quiet, mysterious sort of voice—impatient, too."

"St. John," he said, "your sister is waiting. Come."

"He opened the street door quietly and led some one in. They didn't come back to the study as I feared they would; they seemed to be setting out on some journey, and time seemed to be pressing. They stood for a minute speaking softly and quickly in the hall. Do you know, Kitty, whose voice I heard? It was a voice not to be mistaken—Madame Arnaud's voice. She was thanking John. She said such an



"I DON'T WANT TO GO, JOHN."

odd thing, Kitty; I stored it up to tell you—that was what I came to say. You have always been jealous of Madame Arnaud—and I used to think you had reason to be jealous; but now—well, now, I am not sure."

"What was it that she said?"
"She was thanking John for having given her so much of his precious time."

"We know," she said, "that every minute spent away from Kitty is a minute you begrudge. You have been very good; you have never let me feel how my affairs have bored you."

"They have not bored me," said John; "we made a compact of friendship long ago; and what is the use of friends if they are not ready to serve in time of need?"

"John is a paragon to the end! How has he been serving Madame Arnaud, Kitty? What are her affairs that have been boring him and taking up his time?"

"I don't know. I don't want to tell you, Meg—not now."

"You are a little contradictory, dear; but never mind, mystery is the order of the day. Do you know that Madame Arnaud came and went away in a dress and bonnet and mantle that made her look quite an old lady, an old lady of sixty or over? I looked through the chinks of the venetians and saw her go out. She had put of gray hair beneath her bonnet; her gown was bunched out at the sides; she looked sixty—quite. What does it all mean, Kitty? What is the mystery?"

"I cannot tell you, Meg."
"But you know? Kitty, you are trembling; what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing, Meg—nothing!" I returned hastily. "I was thinking—trying to think."

But, try as I might, my thoughts refused to shape themselves. One idea, and only one, had taken possession of my mind. John had had business matters to talk of with Madame Arnaud! It was business that had taken him there so often—business that they talked about in such lowered, confidential voices! My spirits had suddenly grown buoyant, my voice almost gay.

"Meg, stay here for a little while," I pleaded eagerly. "I want to see John all alone."

"An uncommon wish!" laughed Meg; but the soft little glance with which she looked back at me robbed the mocking speech of all its sting.

CHAPTER XVI.
John was in the breakfast-room. He was seated in an arm-chair beside the fire, his elbow on the table that stood near his head against his hand. I was standing close to him before he saw me.

"John," I said in a quick voice that I tried in vain to steady, "don't let me go away from you! I don't want to go, John!"

He sprang quickly to his feet, his face lighting up.
"Did I want you to go, Kitty?" he asked reproachfully. "You wish to leave me, have been the bitterest trouble I have ever had to bear. I needn't tell you that, need I? You know it only too well!"

He had taken my hands in his, but I would not let him draw me near him.
"I have been jealous, John," I said, bringing out the words in a sharp, labored way. "I have been jealous of Madame Arnaud!"

"Jealous, Kitty! Have you cared enough for me to be jealous, dear?" he asked, sadly. "You have had no need to be jealous—none! Yet it is good news to me, all the same."

"It wasn't your love for her, John, that I minded," I went on tremulously, the tears springing unbidden to my eyes. Perhaps—perhaps I did mind that, too; but that wasn't what I minded most. You had loved her first and you couldn't help if you loved her best. You hadn't seen her for so long; you didn't know how it would be when you came to see her again—you couldn't help it! And I should have tried to bear it! What I couldn't bear was your always going to see her, your having so much to say to her secretly, so confidentially—"

"Do you know," asked John gravely, what those talks were about? Listen, Kitty, and I will tell you."

"I know already. You were helping the man about whom you told me yesterday—her brother—yes, I know, John. I went on eagerly, "you will let

me stay? I said I wanted to go, but I didn't; it would break my heart to go! I'll be content, John; I'll be different and not tease you—I won't ask you to love me very much. I'll let my love be enough for both. And by-and-by, as you said, 'love may come.' You did love me—you said so—before you married me, and the love may come back again—"

John drew me toward him. He put his arm around me, and looked down at me closely, very tenderly, very wonderingly.

"Kitty, you talk in riddles, dear," he said. "You won't ask me to love you very much? What does that mean? You know, dearest—you must know—that, whether you ask or do not ask, I love you with my heart and soul."

I looked up at him in bewilderment.
"You said—you said that our marriage was a mistake, John."

"I did say, Kitty, what I said," he said. "But I said so because I thought that you thought so, John. And you agreed with me. Oh, John, you have forgotten you did agree with me! You said that you felt the mistake and regretted it even more bitterly than I."

"For your sake, Kitty, for your sake, dear; because my love had failed so signally to make you happy. You told me that I had spoiled your life, broken your heart; that, when you had a wish, it was only a wish to die."

"I didn't wish to make your life a bondage, John."
John's eyes twinkled for a moment, and then were grave again.

"Do you mean to tell me, Kitty," he asked incredulously, "that you doubted that I loved you?"

"Do you mean that you could possibly doubt, John, that I loved you?" I retorted in the same tone of incredulity.

"It was natural enough for me to doubt," said John humbly.

"Much more natural for me," I returned, looking up at him with sparkling eyes.

I had clasped my hands upon his shoulder; I put down my cheek against them.

"I thought," I confessed, "that you had married me for kindness' sake—to provide for me, John. Every one thought so. Meg and Dora and Aunt Jane and even your sister. You yourself said that you thought of marrying me before you thought of loving me."

"Yes," admitted John; "years ago, I had some vague hope that you would give me the right one day to take care

of you, to make life smoother for you. I suppose I didn't love you as long ago as that—I had only a very tender feeling for you. Love, when it came, was real enough in spite of that early thought. Don't scorn my love, Kitty, because I met it with welcome instead of rebuff."

There was not much scorn in my eyes as I raised my head and looked softly, smilingly into the gray eyes looking down at me. He kissed me; and for a minute we stood in silence.
"Kitty," he said at length, "there is something that I want to tell you. I ought to have told you long ago. It was a painful story, and I did not tell it. Come and sit down, and I will tell it now."

He drew me to the little sofa beside the fire; and there he told me the story of his first love, the story that in part I knew already.

"She gave you up because you were poor?" I asked indignantly.
"Don't blame her, Kitty! She gave me up for her brother's sake. It is more than ten years ago now that her brother forged that check of which I told you—that first check. There seemed to be nothing but utter ruin before him. Arnaud, the man that Lucia married, had money and influence. He used both on the tacit understanding that she should marry him. Her brother was saved for the time."

"Was it the only way?" I questioned.
"I think some other way might have been found. But she could not be calm and weigh chances. She was devoted to this brother. For ten long years, as she said the other night in the park, she has hoped against hope for his reformation; has tried to be brave, has tried to hope for the best. And now, at the end of the ten years, things are just where they were before. I think they are worse this time, for this time he is less repentant. She is sacrificing her whole life to him; but she does it almost without hope. She is going away with him—to South America, to banishment."

I was quiet for a moment.
"John, I have been so unjust to her," I confessed in a low tone—"so unjust to her always in my thoughts."

"She is one of the noblest women that I know," said John.
Again we sat silent for a minute. My heart was beating fast; I longed to ask a question which I dared not ask.

"John, I won't be silly. I won't be jealous—tell me," I pleaded, "if you didn't try to love me, would you love her still—love her best, I mean?"

John answered gravely, with an air as earnest as mine.
"I respect her," he said; "I shall respect her always. I do more than respect—I admire her. But that is all! The old love was dead, Kitty, years before the new love was born."

I was contented.—The End.

MARINE FRIGHTS.

There Are Uglier Fish in the Sea Than Ever Came Out.

Ask the average man for a definition of devil-fish, and ten to one he says octopus or cuttle-fish. The octopus, with its hideous writhing arms and parrot-like beak, is of all living creatures the one that seems most to deserve the name of the evil one. But there are other fish besides these ugly scavengers, which in different parts of the world have gained the title devil-fish among the fishermen or seamen who come across them. A fearsome specimen is a monster found in the Gulf of Mexico. It is a huge fish, sometimes as much as twenty-five feet across the back, and shaped like an immense skate or ray. The head is provided with two curved horns about three feet apart. But its worst feature is its eyes. They are green and cruel and full of uncanny suggestions. These great fish have a curious fashion of springing from the water at night to a height of six feet or more. Perhaps the creature that of all marine monsters best deserves the opprobrious term is one that is not a fish at all. It is a kind of whale caught in the Pacific. Off the California coast many used to be killed. But its captors did not always escape scot free. It is on record that a big female whose calf had been killed ran amuck among a number of fishermen's boats and actually smashed to pieces no fewer than twenty-seven before the fleet could reach safety. Nearly sixty men paid with their lives for their interference with this one devil-fish.—London Mail.

Another Trick Stolen from Nature.
The easiest way of doing anything is the way that nature chooses, and ten to one when an inventor comes out with some new and brilliant idea he finds that nature has been doing the same thing since the beginning of the world. Certain varieties of fish have the power when hard pressed by their enemies, of throwing out an inkly fluid which darkens the water all about them and enables them to escape in safety. Perhaps influenced by this fact an inventor has taken out a patent for a smoke-making device. The idea is to enable a vessel closely pressed by another to envelop herself in the smoke and to escape under cover of it. With a view to testing the efficacy of the invention a torpedo boat was placed in the center of a number of others, which made a circle of about half a mile in diameter around her. The torpedo boat thus surrounded then enveloped herself in the smoke and under cover of it was enabled to escape from the circle, though all the other boats were keeping a very sharp look-out for her. Altogether the experiment may be said to have been fairly successful, and to have proved the practical utility of the invention.

Some Can't.
Miss Daintee—What an awful occupation! To be employed in a place where they tin meats. Mr. Edgemore—Well, it argues a certain ability. Miss Daintee—Ability? Mr. Edgemore—Certainly. They only employ those who can.—New York World.

Australian Opal Mining.
Opal mining is one of the greatest Australian mineral industries.

A spinster who is still living in hope says the marriageable age is anywhere between the seminary and the cemetery.

ARTILLERY SHELLS AND THEIR USE

While a great deal is written about artillery in these warlike times, it is a subject not always fully understood. The artillery now being used by the British in South Africa consists of the twelve-pounder horse artillery gun and the fifteen pounder field artillery gun. They are practically to the same pattern, the lighter gun being shorter in the barrel. Horse artillery invariably co-operates with cavalry and is able to keep up with the same at its fastest pace, its gunners always being mounted. Field artillery, on the other hand, co-operates with infantry, and must be ready to be pushed into action at a moment's notice.

It is only in field and horse artillery that the guns are known by the weight of their charge, other guns deriving their name from the diameter of their bore—that is, their caliber. In horse and field artillery the caliber is three inches, both for case shot and shrapnel. A shrapnel is a hollow shell filled with some 200 bullets and a small bursting charge sufficient to burst it and disperse the bullets over a conical area. This charge of an ounce and a half is at the base of the shell, with the bullets packed above it and round an inner tube reaching from the tip of the shell to the exploding charge. The bullets are placed in rows to prevent their rolling and interfering with accuracy of aim. The powder charge projecting the shell is independent and is contained in a silk bag to facilitate handling and exactly fitting the breech of the gun.

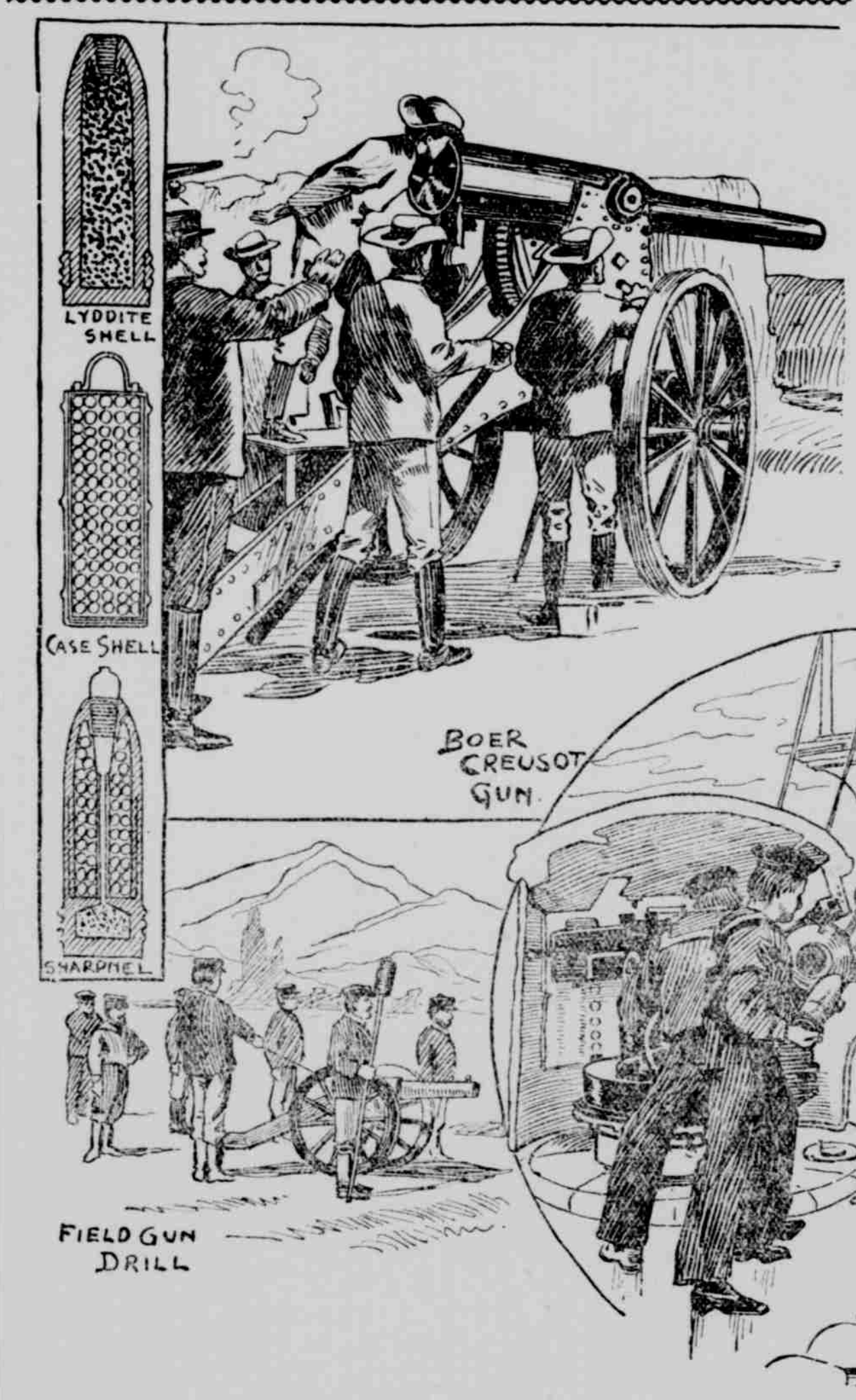
The method of exploding the shrapnel is interesting. At its upper end the projectile has a funnel shaped opening, whence a tube extends down to the

rear of the surrounding stone layers. Their destructive power has been greatly increased by using lyddite for the bursting charge, this explosive being named after the town of Lydd in England, where the British government factories are.

The machine gun forms an independent section in the service. Maxims can fire 600 rounds per minute. To prevent the barrel getting red-hot from the friction it is surrounded by a jacket holding water. This heats and passes off in steam, one and a half pints of water being required for every 1,000 rounds fired.

HE CALLED HER "MY DEAR."
Somehow or Other He Didn't Succeed as He Expected.

"I don't know anything more exasperating than an inattentive clerk," said a mild-mannered little man on the street car the other night, "but unless you have a certain aplomb way about you, so to speak, you might as well endure the shock in silence. Now I have a friend," he continued, "who possesses just such a gift, and, needless to say, he is never neglected. I went into a store with him the other day, and the young woman at the counter where we stopped continued conversing calmly with another young woman in the next department. 'My dear madam,' said my friend, blandly, 'I trust you will pardon me for intruding upon that important discussion, but if you—' 'What do you wish?' said the clerk, looking startled. 'Do not be angry,' my friend replied; 'I know, of course, that the occasional interruption of customers must be very annoying.



"ARTILLERY SHELLS AND THEIR USE."

bursting charge. In this opening is served the fuse which causes the explosion in the shell itself. This is a gem of mechanical skill and works with clockwork accuracy. It can be used either as a percussion fuse or a time fuse. If the former, it will cause the shell to burst by impact, a needle in the tip igniting the explosive and scattering a shower of bullets and broken shell in all directions. Percussion fuses are used against a solid target, such as a wall or fortified house, while the time fuse is employed against troops in the open with little or insignificant intrenchment. When this is so, a simple manipulation of the gunner ignites a ring of slow burning substance in the shell which, at a certain time after it has left the gun, will ignite the explosive and shower its lethal rain on the enemy. The pieces of shell and bullets thus set free and exploding in the air retain the same velocity the shell had at bursting. It is easy to imagine the terrible way in which such a charge would make? I did the only thing possible—I got up and sneaked out, expecting every minute to feel a policeman grab me by the collar. So, as I said before, unless you have the way about you, you might as well put up with these little annoyances. The faculty of blandly bluffing one's fellow beings is something that can't be acquired.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Royalty's Dress Allowance.
An enterprising fashion writer tells us that before her marriage the duchess of Fife had a very small dress allowance—about \$150 a year. Besides yachting and every-day dresses and all the usual costumes required by a girl of the upper classes, royal princesses have also to wear the costly and elaborate dresses which their rank demands at the weddings of their near relations. They are, however, fortunate in having stores of beautiful laces, priceless furs and marvelous jewels, all of which can be used again and again. On the whole, it may be asserted that a frugal princess may spend as little as \$5,000 a year on her dress, while her more wealthy and extravagant sister may find her dress bills amount to ten times that sum. Age has nothing to do with the matter, for the queen of Italy spends far

and no doubt—By that time the poor girl was in a nervous flutter, and I really felt sorry for her. When we went out I expressed surprise at the ease with which her attention had been secured, and my friend laughed. 'O, it's no trick at all,' he said. 'You have to do is to keep yourself cool. Next day I was fool enough to try the system myself, after I had camped beside a counter for ten minutes waiting for a large and haughty lady to conclude a protracted conversation. 'My dear madam—I began, trying to imitate my friend's sang-froid. 'She' exclaimed the saleslady, wheeling on me suddenly and freezing my blood with a ferocious glare. 'My dear,' I stammered, 'my dear—' Really I could go no further. My tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth, and I could feel the sweat breaking out on my forehead. I know I must have looked the picture of helpless ineptitude. 'What do you mean by calling me your dear and things like that?' demanded the enraged amazon. 'What earthly reply could I make? I did the only thing possible—I got up and sneaked out, expecting every minute to feel a policeman grab me by the collar. So, as I said before, unless you have the way about you, you might as well put up with these little annoyances. The faculty of blandly bluffing one's fellow beings is something that can't be acquired.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Smallest Religious Sect in the World.
The smallest religious sect in the world is that of the Samaritans, who are to be found in the small city of Nablous, in North Palestine. This city, which is the Neapolis of Josephus, the Shechem of the Old Testament and the Sychar of the New Testament, is situated in the narrow valley between the Mts. Ebal and Gerizim. The population of Nablous numbers about 12,000, all of whom are Mahometans with the exception of this little religious community (now numbering between 100 and 150), which has defied the ravages of war, poverty and oppression for 3,000 years. These Samaritans have lived on through the centuries, and their unity has never been broken. They have clung to little Nablous and to their sacred Mt. Gerizim as the very cactus roots to the granite sides of the somber Ebal that confronts them across the valley. They are regarded by the Jews as heretics, as they accept only the pentateuch. They possess an ancient copy of the pentateuch, written in Phoenician characters, or, according to some, the ancient Hebrew characters in use before the Babylonish captivity.—Stray Stories.

Ground Floor Bedrooms.
There is danger in the porous character of plaster ceilings, which are often very thin. Indeed, the ordinary ceiling is "only a porous diaphragm permeable by gases with considerable freedom." The vitiated air of sitting-rooms, therefore, frequently finds its way into bedrooms. The British Medical Journal asks any skeptic to "compare his bodily and mental sensations after sleeping in such a room and in one situated over a similar room well ventilated, and not occupied or illuminated by gas during the evening." The remedy, it says, is to have bedrooms on the ground floor, and living, working and cooking rooms upstairs. But how about noise?—London Chronicle.

Not Even a Name.
The Korean woman is so little esteemed that she has not even a name

more than does her beautiful young daughter-in-law, the crown princess of Naples. The empress of Russia, who, more than any other European princess, is able to indulge her wildest fancies, dresses with the greatest simplicity. In the daytime she mostly wears tailor-made coats and skirts, and in the evening favors the purest white materials.—Chicago Chronicle.

Laid.
A famous verdict rendered many years ago by a coroner's jury in a case of mysterious death ran thus: "We, the jury of twelve good men and true, duly impaneled and responsible on our consciences, do hereby return the following verdict on the demise of the deceased, namely: That said corpse came to its death through the abrupt ceasing of its heart to perform its natural office, for no reason whatever discernible by man, but solely an act of providence." If this was not altogether explicit, at least the public knew there had been no foul play; but what meaning could possibly be attached to the verdict which a legal magazine assures us was rendered, much more recently, by a Missouri court? "We, the jury impaneled, sworn and charged to inquire into the unsanguinity of Hezekiah Jones, do occur in the affirmative." This leaves Hezekiah, dead, an ensanguined corpse? Was he, living, accused of homicide, or merely of insanity? Insanguinity is a resonant and mysterious multisyllable that must leave the everyday jurymen in a very uncertain frame of mind.

A Literary Policeman.

The news of the distressing death of Charles Ashton, the "literary policeman," as he was called, will be received with genuine regret throughout the whole of Wales. Mr. Ashton was one of those patient plodders so numerous in North Wales, where there is much less of the rush and stress of life than in the southern portion of that principality. A child of the Eisteddfod, he had published an historical work under its auspices. But the dream of his life was to produce a complete and authoritative bibliography of Welsh literature. Amid the picturesque solitudes of Dinas Mawddwy, where the policeman's life ought to be a happy one and the most heinous crime is the absence of the owner's name from a card, Mr. Ashton toiled year in and year out on his task, corresponding with scholars everywhere.

Florida, West Indies and Central America.

The facilities of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad for handling tourists and travelers are destined for all points in Florida, Cuba, Porto Rico, Central America, or for Nassau, are unsurpassed. Double daily lines of sleeping cars are run from Cincinnati, Louisville, Chicago and St. Louis through Jacksonville to interior Florida points, and to Miami, Tampa and New Orleans, the ports of embarkation for the countries mentioned. For folders, etc., write J. K. Ridgely, N. W. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

The Land of Bread and Butter.

is the title of a new illustrated pamphlet just issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, relating more especially to the land along the new line it is now building through Bon Homme and Charles Mix counties in South Dakota. It will contain very interesting reading. A copy will be mailed free on receipt of 2-cent stamp for postage. Address Geo. H. Heaford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Our Modest Presidents.

It is rather curious that while every president to whom the project of adding to the white house has been mentioned has been favorable to such a thing, not one has given his consent to the introduction of a bill for that purpose. President McKinley has recently requested Senator Cullom to renounce his intention of fathering such a bill.

There Is a Class of People.

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over one-fourth as much. Children may drink it with great benefit, 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Neck of the House.

The husband said: "I'm the authority—the head of the house."
"I'm the neck," replied his wife. "I can turn the head any way I please."

The new theatre which Messrs. Hayman and Dicks are now erecting in Jackson boulevard will be called The Illinois. After many names had been proposed and their suitability thoroughly considered, The Illinois was decided on by a majority of those interested in this new theatre for Chicago. From every point in the state, as well as from prominent people in the city of Chicago, Manager Will J. Davis has received congratulations upon the happy selection of the name. Those who, at first objected to the name have, after consideration, come to view it with favor, and it is now almost beyond the question of a doubt that the beautiful structure will be known throughout its existence as the Illinois Theatre.

The trip by motor car from Cairo to the pyramids is made in fourteen minutes.

"A Miss is As Good as a Mile."

If you are not entirely well, you are ill. Illness does not mean death's door. It is a sense of weariness, a "tired feeling," a life filled with nameless pains and sufferings. In 90% of cases the blood is to blame. Hood's Sarsaparilla is Nature's corrective for disorders of the blood. Remember Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

FREE TO EVERYBODY.
The microscope and chemical analyses have proved beyond the question of a doubt the presence of disease germs in the blood, differing in shape and appearance according to the nature of the disease. Anything relating to their presence, or, better still, their removal is consequently of interest to our readers and we therefore call attention to a very interesting little book, recently published by M. R. Zaegel & Company, in which the author clearly demonstrates the cause of these little enemies of mankind, and gives a practical home treatment by which, without impairing the health of the smallest child, they can be removed from the system. As this booklet will be mailed free to any reader of this paper, together with a free sample of enough roots and herbs for two weeks' home treatment, we advise all to make application at once by writing to M. R. Zaegel & Co., P. O. Box 831, Sheboygan, Wis., enclosing in their letter one two-cent stamp to pay the postage on the free sample. Following the rules of health laid down in this book, and using the roots and herbs as directed, means the eradication of disease germs from the blood, the presence of which cause rheumatism, headache, stomach, liver, kidney and bowel complaints.

A Toothsome Tidbit.

Among the many pitiful stories that come from the hospitals where our returning soldiers are cared for some few have an amusing side. One of these concerns a typhoid fever patient whose mind was affected, and who, as is not infrequently the case, relapsed at times into childishness. He was, of course, fed very little, and his mind dwelt constantly on things to eat. One day he called a visiting friend to his bedside and asked him in a whisper if he would not like to know of something delicious. "Of course," he added, "they won't let me have it." His friend humored him and he went on: "Go to Delmonico's and tell Louis to cut you two thick slices of bread and to butter them well. You had better put the sugar on yourself."—Harper's Bazar.

Winter Excursions.

The Southern Pacific Company and its connections operate the best first and second-class service to California, Arizona, Texas and Mexico. Through Pullman Palace Sleepers and Tourist Sleepers from all principal eastern points. Personal conducted Tourist Excursions from Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Des Moines, Omaha, Kansas City, etc. For particulars and descriptive literature write W. G. Neimyer, Gen'l Western Agent, 233 Clark St., Chicago, W. H. Connor, Com'l Agent, Chamber Commerce Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio, or W. J. Berg, Trav. Pass. Agt., 220 Elliott Sq., Buffalo, N. Y.

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